Againſt that time doe I in ſconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne deſart,
And this my hand, againſt my ſelfe upreare,
To guard the lawfull reaſons on thy part,
To leave poore me, thou haſt the ſtrength of lawes,
Since why to love, I can alledge no cauſe.

A Duell.

IT was a Lordings daughter,
The faireſt one of three
That liked of her maſter, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman,
The faireſt eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull,
That love with love did fight,
To leave the maſter loveleſſe, or kill the gallant Knight,
To put in practiſe eyther, alas it was a ſpite
Vnto the ſilly damſell.
But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be uſed, to turne them both to gaine,
For of the two the truſty knight was
Wounded with diſdaine,
Alas ſhe could not helpe it.
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning, did beare the maid away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my ſong is ended.

Love

Love-ſicke.

ON a day (alacke the day)
Love whoſe month was ever May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre;
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unſeene gan paſſage find,
That the lover (ſicke to death)
Wiſht himſelfe the heavens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo:
But (alas) my hand hath ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth unmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet,
Thou for whom *Iove* would ſweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himſelfe for *Iove*
Turning mortall for thy Love.

Loves labour loſt.

MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams ſpeed not, all is amis:
Love is dying, Faiths defying,
Harts denying, cauſer of this.

POEMS *William Shakespeare* LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo